



# The Black-a-moor in the Wood.

IN Rome a nobleman did wed  
a virgin of great fame,  
A fairer creature never did  
dame nature ever frame.  
By whom he had two children dear,  
whose beauty did excel;  
And were their parents only joy,  
they lov'd them both so well.  
This lord he lov'd to hunt the buck,  
the tyger, and the boar,  
And still for swiftneſs always took  
with him a blackamoor.  
Which blackamoor within the wood  
his lord he did offend,  
For which he did him then correct,  
in hopes he would amend.  
The day it drew into an end,  
then homewards they did haſte,  
Where with his lady he did reſt,  
until the night be paſt.  
Then in the morning he did riſe,  
and doth his ſervants call,  
A hunting to provide to go;  
ſtraight they were ready all.  
Caule of this toil the lady did  
linitreat him not to go,  
Alas good lady, then, quoth he,  
why art thou grieved ſo?  
Content thyſelf I will return  
with ſpeed to thee again,  
Good father, quoth the little babes,  
with us here ſtill remain.  
Farewell, dear children, I will go  
a fine thing you to buy,  
But they therewith no whit content  
aloud began to cry.  
Their mother takes them by the hand  
ſaying, come, go with me,  
Unto my higheſt tower, where  
your father you ſhall ſee.  
The blackamoor perceiving uow,  
(who then did ſtay behind)  
His lord a hunting to be gone,  
began to call to mind:  
My maſter he did me correct,  
my fault not being great,  
Now of his wife I'll be reveng'd;  
he ſhall not me intreat.

The place was moated round about  
the bridge he did updraw,  
The gates he bolted very ſtrong,  
of none he ſtood in awe;  
He up into the tower went,  
his lady being there,  
Who when ſhe ſaw his countenance,  
ſhe ſtraight began to fear.  
But now my trembling heart quakes  
to think what I muſt write,  
My ſenſes all began to faint,  
my ſoul it doth affright:  
Yet I muſt make an end of this,  
which here I have begun,  
Which will make ſoft the hardeſt  
before that I have done. (heart  
The wretch unto his lady went,  
and her with ſpeed did will,  
His luſt forthwith to ſariſfy,  
his mind for to fulfil.  
The lady ſhe amazed was,  
to hear the villain ſpeak,  
Alas! quoth ſhe, what will I do?  
with grief my heart will break.  
With that he took her in his arms  
ſhe ſtraight for help did cry,  
Content thyſelf, lady, quoth he,  
your huſband is not nigh.  
The bridge is drawn the gates is ſhut  
therefore come lie with me,  
Or elſe I do proteſt and vow,  
thy butcher I will be,  
The cryſtal tears ran from her eyes,  
her children cry'd amain.  
and ſought to help their mother dear,  
but alas! all was in vain.  
For the egregious filthy rogue  
her hands behind her bound,  
And then by force with all his might  
he threw her on the ground,  
With that ſhe ſkriek'd, her children  
and ſuch a noiſe did make (cry'd  
The townſmen hearing their lament  
did ſeek their parts to take,  
But all in vain, no way they found  
to aid the lady's need,  
Who cry'd to them moſt piteouſly,  
Oh help oh help with ſpeed.

Some ran into the foreſt wide,  
his lord home for to call,  
And they that ſtood ſtill did lament  
the gallant lady's fall.  
With ſpeed the lord came poſting  
but could not enter in, (home (whom I do hold ſo dear)  
His lady's cries did pierce his heart  
to call he did begin,  
O held thy hand thy ſavage moor,  
to hurt her do forbear.  
Or elſe be ſure, if that I live  
wild horſes ſhall thee tear.  
With that the rogue ran to the wall,  
who having had his will,  
and brought one child under his arms  
his deareſt blood to ſpill.  
The child ſeeing his father there,  
to him for help did call,  
O father help my mother dear,  
we ſhall be killed all!  
Then fell the lord upon his knees,  
and did the moor intreat,  
To ſave the live of his poor child,  
whoſe fear was then as great.  
But the vile wretch the little child  
by both the heels did take,  
and daſh'd it's brains againſt the wall  
while parents hearts did quake!  
That being dead he quickly ran,  
the other child to fetch,  
And pluck't it from the mother's  
moſt like a cruel wretch. (breast  
Within one hand he brought a knife  
the child within the other,  
And holding it over the wall,  
ſaid thus ſhall die thy mother,  
With that he cuts the throat of him  
then on his father calls,  
To look how he the head had cut,  
that down the brains did fall.  
This done he threw it o'er the wall  
into the moat ſo deep,  
Which made his father wring his  
and grievouſly to weep, (hands  
Then to the lady this rogue went.  
who was near dead for fear,  
Yet the vile wretch moſt cruelly,  
did drag her by the hair.

And drew her to the very wall,  
which when his lord did ſee,  
Then preſently he cry'd out,  
and fell upon his knee.  
Quoth he, if thou wilt ſave her life  
(whom I do hold ſo dear)  
I will forgive thee all that's paſt,  
tho' they concern me near,  
O ſave her life I thee beſeech,  
O ſave her life I pray,  
And I will give thee what thou wilt  
demand of me this day.  
Well, quoth the moor, I do regard  
the moan which thou doſt make,  
If thou wilt grant what I requeſt  
I'll ſave her for thy ſake.  
O ſave her life and now demand  
of me what thing thou wilt;  
Cut off thy noſe, and not one drop  
of her blood ſhall be ſpilt.  
With that this noble lord did take  
a knife into his hand  
And there his noſe he quite cut off  
in place where he did ſtand.  
Now I have bought my lady's life  
then to the moor did call,  
Then take her quoth the wicked  
and down he let her fall. (rogue  
Which when the gallant lord did ſee  
his ſenſes all did fall,  
Yet many ſought to ſave his life,  
but they could not prevail.  
When as the moor did ſee him dead  
then he did laugh amain,  
At them who for this gallant lord  
and lady did complain.  
Quoth he I know you'll torture me  
if that you do me get,  
But all your threats I do not fear,  
nor yet regard one whit.  
Wild horſes ſhould my body tear,  
I know it to be true,  
But I'll prevent you of that pain;  
then down himſelf he threw.  
To good a death for ſuch a wretch  
a villain void of fear,  
And this doth end as ſad a tale  
as ever man did hear.